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THE TRIUMPH
OF GOODNATURE

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THE

TRIUMPH OF GOODNATURE,

EXHIBITED IN THE

HISTORY

OF

Master Harry Fairborn,

AND

MASTER TRUEWORTH.

INTERSPERSED WITH

TALES AND FABLES.

EMBELLISHED WITH ELEGANT CUTS.

GLASGOW:
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Price Sixpence.

THE

Triumph of Goodnature.

As there is an advantage in receiving and properly attending to instruction, so there is also a pleasure in giving it to those who are likely to profit by our lessons. For this reason, I am happy in writing to little folks, with the hope that they will in time come to be *great men*, of which there have been several examples. I hope many of my young Readers will be added to the number.

I shall dwell no longer on this subject, to try their patience, but will now proceed with my story.

When I made a little journey one summer into Herefordshire, in order to

visit a relation, I was a good deal disappointed to hear that he had left that part of the country, and that he had taken his wife and three pretty and engaging young children along with him.

I got this information at the inn where I put up; at the same time the landlord told me he had received it from a gentleman, whose name I well knew as soon as I heard it, because I had been formerly acquainted with him in town. When he likewise heard my name, he desired my company in the next room, and insisted that I should go home with him, and pass a few days in the country.—His name was Fairborn.

When we arrived at his house, a very fine boy came out to meet us, who made a handsome bow, and appeared as if he had been used to company.—He seemed to be about eleven years old.

I asked my friend if this was his only

child. He answered he had another, and Mrs. Fairborn going up stairs soon after, returned with a little girl, whom I at first thought was their daughter, but found her to be their niece.

I had not been long there, before I observed with pleasure, the good order kept in this family, where the children were obedient and goodnatured; and, in consequence of that behaviour, were happy themselves, while they became the delight of all who knew them.

Master Fairborn had a pleasing countenance. I have not told my Readers, that he was a *pretty* boy; "PRETTY *is that* PRETTY *does*," is an old proverb that some folks, wise in their own conceit, have pretended to laugh at; but surely the prettiest face may be spoiled by habits of ill humour, whilst a boy or girl that is not what people commonly call handsome, will gain a pretty look, by being always *goodnatured*.

His cousin was a sweet little girl, both in her person and temper, as far

as that temper could be judged of, at her age; and the first action of her's that I took notice of, was sharing the fruit she had with her kinsman, and offering some to every body in company.

It was easy to see that Harry Fairborn had a lively spirit, as well as good nature. He was ready in his wit, when he replied to any thing that was asked him; but I never found that he was too forward, as he seldom spoke but when he was spoken too; and that we generally find is a good way of speaking to the purpose.

I remember that Master Prattle being once at Mr. Fairborn's on a visit, he appeared very agreeable at first, but when Harry found that this young gentleman did not always stick to the truth, he began to alter his opinion of him, and indeed one day he took the liberty of reproving him.

Master Peregrine Prattle being one of those who cannot bear to be told of

their faults, as he was not bred up to good-manners, answered with such ill language as I do not choose to repeat here; since I trust, that my young Readers will never want nor wish to make use of it. But this was not all; for Perry, being very passionate, was so naughty as to throw a top, which he then had in his hand, at Harry's head. It missed him, but broke a china bowl in the beaufet; and just at that instant, Mrs. Fairborn entered the room. A maid-servant, that was in the next room, overheard all the matter.

"What are you at, young gentlemen?" said she, and presently she turned her eyes towards the beaufet; on which she began to blame her son; and Harry was so generous, and had such a great dislike to telling tales, that (though this could hardly be considered as such) he heard all that was said to him, in silence, till the servant just mentioned came in, and told the whole story. And Mr. Fairborn came

soon after her, who was greatly displeased with Perry's conduct; but instead of putting himself into a passion, he only spoke to him as follows:—

"You are too passionate, Master Prattle, and that is a great fault, which deserves and wants correction. You know Master Peter Pettish, whose temper, when a child, was never praiseworthy. In his infancy, though he could not be called ill-disposed, he was what the nurses called techy, and it was feared, that as he grew older, he would become wilful and obstinate; especially as Mr. Maitland was called abroad, and obliged to go beyond sea, when he was not five years old; and his mamma was in a bad state of health, and had quite enough to do, to attend to the education of his sister Sophia.

"A poor relation of the family was at this time appointed to act as his tutor; but this tutor was too indulgent, who suffered him to neglect his lesson, and to behave as he chose,

which was often very naughtily, to the best servants in the house.

" Once, in particular, Master Pettish's bread and butter, not being cut exactly to his mind, he was going to stamp it under his feet, and when the maid prevented him from so doing, he threw it at her head. This the tutor concealed from his mamma; and the girl was so goodnatured, that she did not tell her mistress of his behaviour.

" However, though she acted thus from good will to him, yet it had a bad effect, because he was so very thoughtless, that it served to encourage him in his forwardness.

" Being reproved soon after, for not attending to his lesson, he threw his book into the fire; for which he indeed received some little correction; and though he justly deserved the chastisement he received, it had little effect on his obstinate disposition.

" It was now high time to put a stop to this progress of his temper; and

complaints being made, the tutor was discharged, and young master sent to a school where he found he could not be indulged as before; and the master being told of his scholar's disposition, used him with remarkable severity.

" As fretfulness is silly and wicked, so it often proves most hurtful to those that encourage it. The alteration in the young gentleman's treatment, prevented many of his naughty tricks, but it occasioned him continual vexation; and once, when he was severely corrected, it occasioned him a fit of illness, from whence, though he recovered in a few weeks, ye he was subject to fits ever after."

This story had the effect desired; Master Prattle was ashamed of the indiscretion he had fallen into, and resolved not to be guilty of the like again.

He was happy to find that arguments produced by examples, and stories, so far prevailed; as he justly concluded that their method would

frequently prevent the necessity of sharp rebuke; and as for correction, though he well knew it must be given on some occasions, to young folks, yet he was always loth to make use of it, while there was any gentler way remaining.

As Mr. Fairborn consequently related stories occasionally to his own son, so it happened, that among them there were some fables, of which young Harry, one day, took notice; and being naturally curious in such enquiries as suited his age, asked of what particular use it was for young people to attend to tales, the truth of which was doubtful; and to listen to *fables*, which told of things impossible.—His papa did not give an immediate answer to this. Harry was now silent, because he feared he had offended by his question; and Mr. Fairborn went abroad about some business, telling his son he should take a walk with him in the evening. As this was always looked

on as a mark of indulgence by the children, the young gentleman waited with some little impatience for the time appointed.

Accordingly, in the evening, they went out together, when talking of various things, Mr. Fairborn took an opportunity to observe on the behaviour of some people, that being indulged in their whims while children, were continually fickle and unsteady when grown to men and women's estate.

Perceiving that Harry scarcely noticed this remark, he a little while afterwards took an occasion to tell the following story:—

THERE was a Prince of Tartary, called Abdallach, much beloved, when he was very young.—He was the darling of the King his father, whilst a child, and generally liked by all around him. As he was very fond of pleasure, and loved variety, the King allowed him to remove from one place to ano-

ther, and he made such use of the permission, that he shifted his place of abode every month in the year.

This was rather troublesome to those that waited on him: however, they did not complain of it; but at length he went farther, discharging his servants, as often as he changed his dwelling. However, they submitted to all this; but he lost the love of the people by degrees, while he did not know the reason of it.

At length one of his people ventured to tell him the truth: but he was grown so impatient, that instead of hearing him as he ought to have done, he fell into a rage with the man who fled from him. The Prince pursued him from morning to night, without being able to overtake him, and long after sunset found himself in the midst of a desert.

Vexed and disappointed as he was, he now, for the first time, began to think of returning, but he did not know

which way to go. As he stood considering, a violent storm arose, attended with terrible thunder and lightning.

While the Prince was thus distressed, an old man suddenly appeared at his side, who seeming to pity his situation, said, "Follow me, and I will shelter you from the storm, and show you something worth seeing."—Abdallah followed, and in a few minutes found himself in a glorious palace.

"Here is every thing that delights most people, (said the old man) but I can do what you may, perhaps, think a greater favour than all; take this ring, and whenever you turn it to the mark you see on the side opposite, there shall be *a change*. Only take care how you make use of the power."

Prince Abdallah's eyes sparkled with joy, when he received this present; and, though he had now fine rooms, fine furniture, a fine supper ready, and a number of attendants, yet he turned the ring, when he presently found him-

self in a garden, full of fruit trees and agreeable flowers, with a number of boys and girls waiting to receive his commands. But as these seemed to be dwarfs, he fixed his eyes on them, turned the ring, and was presently surrounded by a number of giants, while the garden was gradually changed into a forest of tall lofty cedars.

Neither did this content him.—He tried his ring again, and was instantly conveyed to a building, where he found himself surrounded by a variety of attendants, all of whom seemed ready to serve him, bringing him food and many dainties, which he was eager to accept, as he was by this time faint and hungry. But before he could be served with what he so much wished for, these servants took different shapes; the very dishes of victuals were changed from one thing to another, whenever he attempted to touch them; and the place turned continually round a-

bout, so that he was not suffered to be a minute at rest.

What could he do? he did not know how to make his ring useful. That only produces changes, of which he had too many every instant; while it did not give him the power of gaining any particular thing, nor, if it had, did he know what to wish for, in the midst of so much confusion.—At this instant, however, he heard a voice, which cried out, "This is the *House of Changes*, art thou now satisfied?"—"I am satisfied indeed, (answered he) that I am one of the most miserable creatures in the world."—The old man now appeared again before Abdallah, who put the Prince in mind that his promise was fulfilled, and asked what further he could desire. He could only say, that he was now sensible he was best off when at home, if he had known his happiness. The old man told him, if he would take off his ring, and throw it away, he should arrive

there immediately. Then taking the shape of an angel, he flew away, and Abdallah instantly found himself in the court of the king his father, who was happy to see his son, as he had given him over for lost. Here he observed his late servants, and was happy to see them. Among the rest, was the man with whom he had been so angry for telling the truth. But the Prince, now finding his mistake, owned it. He lived contented ever afterwards, reigned over Tartary after his father's death, and never again troubled himself, or those about him, with a silly desire of changes any more.

HARRY was highly delighted with the tale, and told his papa he perceived the moral, and should always mind it, adding, "I am sure, for my part, papa, I shall be less fond of changing my books and my playfellows than I ever have been; for I shall think it but foolish."—But you did

not think so much about this, Harry, (replied Mr. Fairborn,) till I just now told you the tale, and yet it is full of things that are impossible; so, Harry, this is the best answer I can give to your qusetion. The same is the case with all fables; they generally please or surprise; and therefore, child, they are more minded, or remembered better than serious talk and advice. As to enchantments, and birds, and beasts speaking, you know such things cannot be; but they are like what children themselves do in their play, when they represent what they do not expect any body should believe; but as you find *that* useful in your diversion, so *this* is often necessary for your instruction.

Harry well understood what was said to him, and he kept his word in, often checking his own fickle disposition, when he recollected the story of Prince Abdallah, and the House of Changes.

Indeed, among his good qualities might be reckoned that of being of a

gentle and tractable disposition; but lest such a temper might make him subject to be led into faults, by the persuasion of bad boys, he was timely told by his parents, to be careful what company he kept, and he observed this advice to the best of his power; but there were some ill-behaved boys among his schoolfellows, that he sometimes found it rather difficult to avoid.

One of these was Tommy Trimley, who was a young lad of some genius. He was not backward at his book; but he was apt to be disobedient, both to his schoolmaster and his uncle, who had the charge of his education, after the death of a good and tender father; but when he pleased, he could put on a very agreeable look, and talk in a pretty manner. On this account, Harry was, at first, well pleased with his company, and Mr. Fairborn himself invited him to his house in the Easter holidays, to spend them with his son and niece, Master Trueworth, and

Master Lovewell, who were his companions. And when they had all been at church on Easter Sunday, feasted them with pies and nice dishes, and after dinner Master Trueworth, by the desire of the company, read the following verses, which were of his own making:

What parents to their children give,
And they with pleasure still receive:
What often when contentions cease,
Is reckoned as the pledge of peace;
What if you spend, the endless store
Shall ne'er decrease, though you give more.
And what oft pleases us in play,
Tho' (in time past) used to betray.

The little company, in general, appeared well pleased with these lines; only Master Tommy Trimley said he saw nothing extraordinary in them, and *if* the young gentleman made them, *he* could make as good or better. This, to be sure, was not prettily said; but every body present being in good humour, it passed off, as Master Trueworth took no notice of the matter.

Tommy, however, taking this for an encouragement, was resolved to support the story he had told; and therefore two days afterwards, being all met together, he took a copy of verses out of his pocket, which he read, and were owned by all to be extremely pretty indeed. Master Fairborn begged leave to copy them, as he wrote a good hand; but this was refused; and there was reason for it, as you will presently find.

Master Fairborn being abroad with this new friend one day, he told him he would take him to some young folks of his acquaintance; but was a little surprised when he found some among them who bore a very indifferent character from their schoolfellows. He said a word or two about them to Master Tommy privately, who told him that they were good boys, but had a great spirit, which made their schoolfellows tell stories of them.

But it presently seemed as if these

boys were of an ill spirit; for they quarrelled with each other about mere trifles before they parted, and several of them would have fought, if Tommy and he had not prevented them. All this while they made a great boast of their courage, and wished to be praised, because, as they said, they feared nothing. "I cannot, and I *will not* pretend so much (said Master Fairborn;) but I hope I shall only fear where I *ought*, and that is enough for me."

As they were all walking together, Master Fairborn took notice that it grew late, and it would soon be time for them all to go each to his home; but they were very slow in separating, and it grew dark, while he and Tommy, with Billy Boldface, and two others, were on the road. These very courageous boys now trembled, and began to start at almost every thing that moved in their way. Every one of them now wished himself at home;

Tommy shook, and said he was sorry he had not taken advice, and turned back sooner; and Billy said, "It was a sad thing for him thus to be left in the dark, as he could never go to bed without a candle kept burning." Just at this time they saw something white, on which they stopped, and his knees knocked together. Presently the thing made a very loud noise, on which two of them ran away, and Tommy shrieked out, and Billy fell down with fear and terror; though they were both two years older than my little hero, who was not at all frightened, but would have laughed heartily, if it had not been that he pitied their situation.

After he had pacified them a little, telling them it was certainly only some poor beast, that would very likely be afraid of them, which had thus terrified them; having helped to raise Billy from the ground, insisted that they should go on, which they did with much persuasion. He led the

way, and coming up to what had thus frightened his companions, it proved to be a white horse, that had laid his head over a gate, and neighed in the manner just mentioned.

Another time Tommy, who still was welcome to Mr. Fairborn's, having taken Harry abroad by his papa's leave, they once more met with Billy Bold-face and some of his companions. As these were not the same he had brought with him before, and were all going to a neighbour's house, Master Fairborn was easily persuaded to go with them, and was pleased when they overtook Master Trueworth, who was prevailed on to join the company.

When they arrived at the farm-house whither they were going, though they were well received by the master of it; yet they had not been long there, before Harry thought he perceived the good dame and her daughter look very coolly and indifferently upon them. Master Trimley did not seem at all to

regard this; but he and his companion Billy went on at their old rate, talked a great deal, and Billy, in particular, appeared much entertained with his own discourse. And now Tommy thought proper again to read the verses which he wanted to pass for some of his own making; but unluckily for him, the farmer's daughter had good reason for not believing him. She said she had seen them somewhere before, and putting her hand into her pocket, produced one of our friend the Publisher's little books, where they were found, and from whence it seemed the young gentleman had very carefully copied them, as she read the whole over, word for word, to the company. Master Trueworth gave him a look not very pleasing. "I thought these lines were of your making," cried Harry. Being thus put to his shifts, "I don't remember that I said I made them (answered he,) but I told you I *wrote* them; and I am

sure I did so." This was only an equivocation, a very poor shift indeed; for it is only the *meanest* way of telling a story. And besides, it is to be remembered, Master Trimley had at first said plainly enough that the lines were *his*, which fulfilled the old proverb, that " a story teller should have a good memory."

It was not long, however, before Master Trimley grew rather uneasy, and proposed that they should leave the house, which they all accordingly did, and Harry with them, little expecting any disagreeable accident.

But when they all separated by degrees, Master Trueworth, Tommy, and Billy Boldface only remaining with our little hero; they were followed by several lads, who called out to them to stop, and began to throw stones. Billy Boldface seemed inclined to fright them in his way, while Master Trimley trembled; and our little hero observed this was a very

bad method of engaging; and besides he wished they would come closer, that both parties might know what they fought about. But before this came to pass, Tommy made off, and Master Boldface soon followed him. In the mean time Harry had received a blow from a stone over the forehead, and another on the leg, so that he was quite disabled in a quarrel that was not his own. Master Trueworth, however, stood by him like a good friend, resolved to take all chances. At length the lads that had done the mischief came up, when he desired to know the reason of this attack. One of them, whom Harry knew, answered, it was meant for Tommy Trimley, who had behaved so ill the day before, that nothing could be too bad for him. When he was asked what he meant, he answered, that as they were his companions, to be sure they must know, and looking at Harry, added, "He deserved what he had

for being in such company;" but as the offender was gone, they agreed to make peace, and went away accordingly.

Master Trueworth now led Harry off, who was so weak that he could not reach home. The farmer's daughter standing at the door, as they passed by, seeing this, invited them to come in, and the poor dame being sorry for what our hero had suffered, desired, as it was late, that he might sup and lie there that night, and promised to send somebody home with him in the morning.

Poor Harry passed but a very restless night; for though his hurts had been dressed, his mind ran so much upon what might be said to him on his return home, that he had but very little sleep. At length morning came, and the farmer himself went home with our hero. When they came thither, his cousin Harriet was the first who met them; she was frightened,

and very unhappy, when she saw his condition, and told him her uncle and aunt had been greatly distressed, as well as angry, at his staying out the night before.

Harry was eagerly running to see his parents, when he was met half way by Mrs. Fairborn, who told him his papa was so much displeased, that he did not choose to see him, till he could give sufficient reason for his behaviour. On this he fell on his knees before her, and told her the whole truth, the farmer pleading for him at the same time. His mamma pitied him much, but said little. She was very particular in finding out the name of the lad that led the mischievous company, and who spoke for the rest; and our hero was ordered to go up stairs to his little room, where his hurts were taken care of, and to stay there till he was sent for.

In the mean time Mr. Fairborn sent to the lad's mother, who lived a few

miles off. She was in a poor state of health, but her son came directly, though with fear and trembling. Then Harry was sent for down stairs. "You see (said that good gentleman) how my son has been used, what is the reason of your treating him in this manner, as he says he never offended you? The lad, whose name was Plowden, allowed that to be true; but declared that Master Trimley had been concerned with other naughty boys, in worrying his mother's pigs, riding a cow almost to death, and often beating and abusing him and his sister, and that when they complained to his uncle, they got no satisfaction; so that it was all meant for him and his companions, and it was only by chance that Harry was hurt in the fray.

Mr. Fairborn said very sternly, that was not the proper way of taking satisfaction. He told him to return to his mother for the present, but he hoped to hear no more of such proceedings.

When young Plowden was gone, "You have been wrong, Harry," said he, "in attaching yourself too much to Master Trimley; you have likewise got into a quarrel that did not belong to you, at the hazard of your life; and offended and given me and your mamma great uneasiness. You are the sufferer now, so it shall be passed by; but you must take care not to get into such scrapes again."

"I will take care indeed, sir," said Harry, on being restored to favour, "and I think the best way will be not to keep company any more with Master Trimley. I am sure it is, (replied Mr. Fairborn) and I will take care that he shall not come to you, if you will not *go* to *him*. Be cautious for the future, child; I am sorry for your hurts, but happy to know you were not mischievous; but you will find even goodnature without prudence, may lead you into errors."

This was the last time that Mr.

Fairborn had occasion to find so much fault with his son. Master Tommy Trimley visited at the house no more, and our hero strictly observed his word in not keeping company with him, nor any of his playfellows.

Besides this, Harry took occasion to shew his goodnature, in a manner that greatly deserved commendation: for, meeting by chance with Plowden, the poor youth who had made such heavy complaints, and who now strove to avoid him, he ran after him, spoke in the most friendly manner, and asked how his mother did? The lad replied, that she was at home, very ill in her bed, the only thing almost left her! the landlord having seized the rest: on which Master Fairborn insisted on going to see her.—When they arrived, they found the unhappy woman out of bed; but it was easy to see that she wanted victuals more than physic—Harry observed this to her son, who said that was true, for she had not

tasted more than a pennyworth of bread, and a little water, for two days past. Master Fairborn immediately put his hand into his pocket, and drew out some Naples biscuits, and seed-cake that had lately been given him, which he put into her hand, and afterwards gave Peter what money he had about him, to get the poor creature some further support. This was thankfully received; and when the lad returned, they both joined in blessing him for what was so little expected. Mr. Fairborn heard of this, and praised and rewarded his son accordingly. When he thought it just and proper to forbid Master Tommy Trimley from coming to his house, he judged it as proper to encourage Master Trueworth to visit there; and our hero and that young gentleman became such fast friends, that it would have been hard to separate them: and the latter liked our hero the better, when he found he could forgive offences, *which every body ought to do, that says the Lord's prayer sincerely.*

We are now coming to speak of a time in which our little hero may appear of somewhat greater consequence; nor shall I entirely forget his cousin Harriet, whom I have yet but just mentioned now and then in this history.

As I returned to London, where I lived, after staying a few months in Hertfordshire, I was obliged to leave Mr. Fairborn's family, and saw no more of them for eighteen months, at the end of which, I once more visited that country.

Master Harry I found had grown much, and Harriet was become a fine girl: the family went on in their usual regular manner, and Master Trueworth was a constant visitor there.

It was now growing towards winter; the trees had lost their leaves, the birds forgot to sing among the branches; there were no more cowslips or daisies on the green; but the ripe rough thistle appeared, and the sharp stinging nettle; the ice began to ap-

pear on the ponds, and the snow to fall from the skies. The fire-side seemed now the most comfortable place in the house, where I enjoyed many happy hours. Yet I assure my reader, that the sharp weather neither kept Master Harry from school, nor from his taking exercise in the daytime, as he had the blessing of health, and his parent knew that bringing him up in a very tender manner, was not the way to preserve it.

But however, as the frost grew more severe, he was forbidden to attempt skaiting or sliding upon the ponds, which are soon crusted over with ice that is apt often to break.—But Mr. Trueworth, though very careful in general, was too apt to indulge himself in this diversion, which his parents had never forbidden him. Harry had frequently cautioned him against trusting himself on the ice, but could never get his promise that he would leave it off.

One day as our hero was walking

alone in the fields, he observed some boys of different ages skaiting and sliding on a piece of water, and had the curiosity to go nearer to them; he thought besides, that he had observed something like a thaw coming on for two or three hours, and he designed to mention it to them though he supposed them to be all strangers; but he had scarcely got to the edge of the pond, before he perceived a great bustle; the ice breaking, one had fallen in, and a youth slipped in after him, in endeavouring to relieve him. By the help of his arms, the youth kept his head above the ice. It was Master Trueworth. Harry was instantly going on the pond to try to assist his friend; but all the rest prevented his doing so, as they saw what danger he must run into, without being able to do any service. Thus disappointed, he yet called out loudly to his friend to have a good heart, and support himself as well as he was able,

whilst he ran to a little farm-house which he had perceived at about a quarter of a mile off; he ran, he almost flew thither, and returned just in time to save his friend, with men, that by ropes, and proper means, got him out of his disagreeable and dreadful situation. The unfortunate boy whom he had tried to save, was drowned; and Master Trueworth never went on the ice afterwards.

Master Fairborn's good behaviour had by this time gained him the love of his school-fellows in general, as well as the regard of his master. It happened one day, when the master had given the scholars a holiday, that Harry, in his walks, observed one of these in a high dispute with a stranger. As their *words* seemed likely to have produced *blows*, he interfered by way of speaking to his acquaintance; he soon found that they had quarrelled about a very trifling thing indeed: that the quarrel was not so much

caused by the matter talked about, as by the disagreeable words that had been used. "Coward" was one; and as both these had more spirit than prudence, neither of them could endure the name. When they had agreed to listen to our hero, he took some pains to set them right as to their dispute, which was only a mistake of some words another boy had said, and they began to see their mistake, though the proud spirit of each was above confessing it; on which, as he found neither was willing to give way first, he told them a short story.

"There were two young gentlemen of a friendly disposition, who agreed to travel together to foreign countries; and none could agree better than they did for some weeks, while they were on their journey. Being on horseback, they came to a place where the road parted, and seemed to lead two opposite ways; they made no doubt but *one* of these must be wrong; but unluck-

ily they were of different opinions; one of the gentlemen declared for the right hand road, the other for the left, at length they grew angry, and instead of trying whither these ways led, resolved to fight each other. Just as they were going to draw their swords, a countryman came galloping down one of the roads; who, when they applied to him, said they both led to the same place: but still they said their honour was concerned, each having said so much in favour of his own opinion. On this the countryman, who had a gun, placed himself at the opening of the right hand, which was very narrow, declaring that one (and one *only*) should pass that way, while the other might proceed to the left, or go back, as he liked best. They chose different ways accordingly, and parted still displeased with each other. He that chose the right hand was met and plundered, after much fighting, by two robbers. He that took the left was

encountered by a wild beast, that tore him much, but which he killed with great difficulty. The travellers met at one place as the countryman had said; and now they laid aside their anger, and owned that they were in the wrong not to proceed together, which might have prevented the misfortunes that happened to both."

He at last convinced them how silly it would be to quarrel further, and to fight upon this occasion. So they made it up, and shook hands, thanking Harry for his *goodnature.*

As Christmas was coming, Mr. Fairborn and his spouse insisted that I should spend the holidays with them. I consented, because I knew the family to be so agreeable; and in the pleasure I expected I was not disappointed.

Miss Harriet, who had lately been put to a boarding-school, came home for the season; and her company was very pleasing.—We were well entertained, and there was plenty of good

English fare; not forgetting pies, puddings, and cake for the young folks, who enjoyed many diversions.—Amongst other entertainments, several new riddles were proposed, and prizes given to those that explained them. Some of these were in verse: among them was the following, which I thought very pretty.

In me the various colours vie,
With which the rainbow decks the sky;
There's not a flower the garden yields,
Or nature spreads o'er summer fields,
There's not throughout the world a plant,
Whose beauty I or colour want;
There's not a tint, red, green, or blue,
Or scarce of any other hue,
But I at different times have spread
Around the lovely female head.

This was guessed at in various ways, but at last explained by Master Trueworth, who properly said it meant a Ribband; and he received a pretty gilt pocket-book for his prize. The riddle was owned by Miss Harriet; and I have thought this a pretty way enough to exercise the wit of young people.

As the holidays drew near an end, Mr. Trueworth invited Mr. Fairborn and his family to come to his house on Twelfth-day, whither we went accordingly; and there we saw Miss Charlotte Trueworth, who was entirely home-bred, and seldom went abroad. She was a pretty behaved young lady, as sensible as her brother, and quite lively. The young people were all very merry in choosing King and Queen.—It was Master Fairborn's lot to be King, and a young lady that was a new visitor there, had the chance to be Queen of the little company.

I had heard that Miss Trueworth was both curious and ingenious; and she shewed us, by her mamma's desire, some of her models and drawings: but the greatest curiosity was kept till the last day of our stay there, when, before we took leave, she asked her parents' permission to take us to see her flower-garden. I said, I fancied we should find very few flowers to look at there;

but the young lady assured us we should see a great many. She brought us to an upper-room, where she opened a glass-door, and shewed us a sight that was both pleasing and surprising. In that chamber we saw a sort of Lilliputian garden; for there were a number of flowers, and some cut out in paper, some in shell-work, all of which were ranged in order; and I recollect we saw most of the flowers represented there, which are to be found in the Publisher's little books; and Miss Trueworth had a short moral or story ready for each of them. She accordingly repeated one on the Rose.

"The rose is one of the sweetest and most useful flowers that grows. Its sweetness continues after it is gathered. Its leaves are always agreeable, and it is of service in medicine. It is looked upon as the emblem of health and beauty; yet those that pluck it should take care, lest they hurt themselves with the thorns that surround it."

Mr. Fairborn embraced the opportunity of the young people now assembled to relate the following story :

" On a fine morning in May," said Mr. Fairborn, " two bees set forward in quest of honey ; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves, for a time, on the various dainties that were spread before them ; the one loading his thigh, at intervals, with provisions for the hive against the distant winter ; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bow of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of all his friends remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, re-

solving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers, where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament, with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction."

Miss Trueworth next called their attention to some beautiful stuffed birds in cases, of which she gave the following description.

"The hawk darts upon the thrush,

and the fox steals away the goose; the case of the first is hopeless, and the last has no better chance, unless the man can add wings to his feet, or a pack of hounds should make a prey of sly Reynard. This teaches us an important lesson. None of us can tell how long our life, or even the present health or comforts we enjoy, may last. It is therefore our duty to be wise and good as fast as we can.

"Few characters are more disliked than those of the hawk and fox,—one is cruel, and the other too artful. But we meet with many hawks and foxes among children, who call their own strength right, and their cunning wisdom. Our Saviour's instruction is, 'Be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.'"

She next directed their attention to another case which contained a swan.

"This is the tame swan," said Miss Fairborn, "and the largest of the British birds. The other is called

the wild or whistling swan, and visits our northern coast only in hard winters. The tame swan is a most ungraceful bird on land, but no river god can move more stately on the water. Its strength is also very great, and it attains frequently the age of a 100 years. It makes a hissing noise, but as for musical notes, it has none, living nor dying."

"The next is the ostrich. This gigantic bird lives in deserts in the torrid regions of Africa, and possesses the power of digesting the hardest substances. Though so large, it is a most inoffensive animal. Its speed in running is very great, as it outruns, when pursued, the swiftest horse, making use of its wings as oars to hasten its progress."

We spent an hour here very pleasantly, and gave much praise to Miss Trueworth for her ingenuity.

Before we left Mr. Trueworth's, just as we were about to take leave, Miss

Aimwell, the young lady that was their visitor, grew pale on a sudden, and while we were wondering what ailed her, Master Fairborn took a spider off her neck, which had put her into such a fright.—Our hero took notice, that though this was a disagreeable insect, yet it was not dangerous. "It is likewise very curious (said he) in the manner of weaving its web, which I think no art can imitate."—"But is it not very cruel in killing flies?" said Miss Aimwell. Master Fairborn answered, that this insect only killed flies entangled in his web for food; while the birds frequently devoured spiders in quantities, without being at the pains to weave any web at all.

"And, disagreeable as the spider is, (adds our hero,) I have been told, that she is particularly careful of her young, whom she is always ready provided to shelter in case of danger; and when a spider once saw her little ones drawn under an ant-hill, by what is called a

horse-emmet, she followed, and chose rather to be buried alive in the earth than to quit them. I have heard besides, that though this insect is so much hated by most folks, yet a gentleman that was confined in a dungeon abroad, where nobody was allowed to visit him, took delight in feeding and watching the ways of a spider, having nothing else to entertain him. The gaoler observed this, and as he was a cruel and ill-natured man, killed this creature in spite; after which, the prisoner pined as a child might do for a favourite bird; and was near dying, when he was unexpectedly released. He did not forget to complain of the gaoler, who was discharged from his place, which reduced him to a miserable situation, and properly punished him for his bad behaviour."

Mr. Trueworth, while we staid there had given Master Harry a handsome little poney; and at parting, his lady made Miss Harriet a present of a gilt

morocco bible, and a very handsome pocket-book with a case of instruments, and so taking some cake and wine, we separated.

Soon after his return, as our hero was riding out on the little poney, he met Master Trimley, by chance, along with Billy Boldface, and another of his old companions. Tommy being vexed that he was forbidden some months before to visit at Mr. Trueworth's, and mortified that Harry would not now keep company with him, began to salute him with such language, as I do not choose here to repeat; and what was worse, tried to frighten the horse, which might have been the means of his being thrown, and breaking his bones. Harry therefore thought proper to alight, and ask the reason of this usage; when Master Trimley and the other two surrounded him, and threatened to fall upon him; but in a lucky moment Master Trueworth came up, who gave them a very proper rebuke; and

as they well knew that he would stand by his friend, they sneaked off, ashamed of their behaviour.

As I had now an opportunity of staying some months in Hertfordshire, I had the pleasure of observing the progress Master Fairborn made in his learning and manners, which were equal to the wishes and expectations of his parents.

Prayers before going to breakfast was always the practice of these good young folks, for gratitude ought to follow protection. We are surely more in want of heaven's care in the night, than at any other period, as we are then asleep to every danger. While others are employed to watch for our safety, and to endure the cold and heat of winter and summer, what a blessing is the enjoyment of repose in comfort and cleanliness?—I wish all children would more imitate the example of these, for the Bible says,

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Master Fairborn grew a favourite with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, and with none more than Sir Charles Belville, who had a son and heir, that he wished to be as perfect as possible, both in learning and in good conduct; the last of which young folks do not always acquire at schools, where they are only for a certain set of hours, under the immediate care of their master.

Young Basil had no mother alive, and Sir Charles was so frequently ailing, that he was not able to attend so much to his instruction as he could wish; he was therefore happy in having an acquaintance with Mr. Fairborn's family, where his son visited, and was always made welcome. Master Basil was a youth of good inclinations, on the whole; but at times he was a little fretful, or pettish, as it is called; and this was a failing which Sir Charles

wished himself to be cured of; the acquaintance was therefore very useful, because Harry Fairborn, as you find by our history, had nothing of this kind in his disposition.—These young gentlemen agreed well, and our hero was pleased as well as honoured in this new companion, as Master Trueworth, who was his elder, was by this time sent to the university.

The last action that I remarked of Master Fairborn's, whilst I staid in the country, was one for which he deserved high commendation.—But a little before I left Hertfordshire, our hero met Billy Boldface *alone*, and in a lamentable situation, he was poor, ragged, and sorrowful; his father was lately dead, and had nothing to leave him. He had an uncle possessed of money, but that uncle would not take any notice of the boy, because he did not think he deserved it; so he was starving, and declared that his friend Master Trimley would not speak to

him.—Harry readily gave him his pocket money, and having heard where he was to be seen, with tears in his eyes, he went home and told the story to Mr. Fairborn, begging to know if something could be done for him.—Mr. Fairborn said he would consider of it. Billy was brought to him, and clothed by his charity, afterwards put to a free-school, and on his promise of good behaviour, was at length taken into his uncle's favour.

To conclude our hero's history as far as it came to my knowledge, I shall inform my readers, that he had an offer to go abroad with Master Basil, as Sir Charles resolved his son should travel with a governor as soon as he was of a proper age. A worthy relation of Mr. Trueworth was chosen for his governor.—The young gentleman found both amusement and improvement in

the course of his travels, and so did Master Fairborn, who at his return, was provided with such a place in London, and in time so well promoted, that he became at last as rich as Sir Charles himself, and lived to be the comfort of his parents, and to see Master Trueworth and all his friends happy.

FINIS.